

CONCERNING FASHIONS

This Gearing is Reasonable.
Washable gloves have become absolutely indispensable to the summer girl. Not only do they save her hands from the ravages of the burning sun without inducing perspiration, but they are always immaculately clean and fresh. Each night the pair she has worn during the day gets its tub bath in warm soapsuds and is dry and ready for use the following day.
Fabric gloves, whether in linen or linen mesh, are so skillfully woven now that they have lost all of the scratchy feeling which has long been their objectionable feature. The girl who is peculiarly sensitive to this irritation will find lisle gloves lined with the most supple of China silk.
Fashionable shades, such as old rose and old blue, are lined with cneck silk or silk embroidered with polka dots or tiny flowers. Linen mesh gloves, so popular during the warm months last year, are more than ever in evidence this summer, and the stitichings on the back show most elaborate handwork in self-tone or contrasting shade.

The New French Blouse.
Never have the separate blouses seemed so altogether fascinating as at present. The sheer materials which the importer shows in such wonderful array make these waists especially attractive. The creation shown here could not fail to increase the charms of any wearer. White crystal silk serves of the entire waist, while cavalier cuffs and stole collar are embroidered in pastel shades. Narrow



black velvet in a Greek key pattern gives character to the bodice and both of these decorations are novel as well as inexpensive. Applique, guipure or the popular spangie can be used in place of the embroidery. A bodice suitable for formal occasions is effected by omitting plastron and cuffs.

Why You See Them.
Many a blouse sleeve pouched at the waist is still slipping about the world, in spite of the edict which this spring banished wrist puffs in favor of balloon tops.

Sometimes the reckless flying in the face of fashion is due to the fact that the wearer of the pouched sleeves cannot afford to throw last year's blouses away, and isn't smart enough to turn the sleeves upside down herself—which is the method of the ingenious to make last year's sleeves look like this year's—and hasn't yet found a dressmaker who isn't too busy to do it for her. For where is the dressmaker who will bother turning sleeves upside down when she has got whole rafters of brand new summer gowns to make?

Cauliflower Soup.
One fine cauliflower, two tablespoonfuls of butter rolled in one of cornstarch, one onion, bunch of parsley, two blades of mace, two quarts of water, two cups of milk, pepper and salt, a pinch of soda in the milk. Cut the cauliflower into bunches, reserving about a cupful of small clusters to put whole into the soup. Chop the rest, also the onion and herbs, and put on in the water with the mace. Cook an hour and then rub through a colander. Return the puree thus obtained to the pot and season with pepper and salt. As it boils, stir in the whole clusters, previously boiled tender in hot, salted water, and left to cool. When the soup is again hot, put in the butter and cornstarch; stir until this has thickened; pour into the tureen and add the boiling milk. Pass sliced lemon and cream crackers with it.



Water is quite as desirable as milk in mixing batters, and in many instances cake is lighter if made with water rather than milk.

Clean fresh eggs and clean pure milk are free from the harmful elements detected by a microscopic examination of supposedly good meat.

Starched table linen may justly be termed an abomination. A much better way is to iron tablecloths and napkins while quite damp with hot irons until perfectly dry. Unless entirely dry, it will not be at all stiff, will not show the pattern satisfactorily and will muss easily.

When fresh lemons cannot be produced an excellent imitation of lemonade is made as follows: Boil two pounds of loaf suzer in one quart of

water for fifteen minutes; then when it is cold add one ounce of citric acid and a small bottle of lemon essence. Stir well and bottle and in using allow two teaspoonfuls to one glass of water.

Rhubarb Wine Recipe.
Twelve quarts of rhubarb, cut and bruised into small pieces, 10 quarts of cold water, 15 pounds of sugar. Put these together and let stand three days, stirring two or three times a day. Then put into a jar or crock, and half ounce of gelatine dissolved in a little of the wine; let it stand two months, then strain and bottle. A little coloring may be added, if desired. Without, it is white wine.

Boudoir Confidences

Green gloves are a trifle garish. The robe gown is a tremendous convenience.
Everybody is wearing linen, white or colored.
Patch pockets on the outing blouse are handy.
There are elbow gloves in lemon yellow silk.
Summer hats are already "way down" in price.
In turbans the box shape and the torpedo are both fashionable.
Pretty little Geisha fans for the hair are selling for 5 cents apiece.
Flowers are placed on the embroidered muslin hats as well as ribbons.
What a smart little air the black velvet collar gives to a white linen jacket.

Home-Made White Waist.
A pretty white waist which a girl has had made at home has wide embroidery for the base. This forms the back, front and cuffs of the sleeves. Four lengths of the embroidery are used, two at the back and two in the front. The scalloped edges just meet in the back; the little pearl buttons, placed one on each scallop, are fastened with little loops which are worked on the other. The front is similarly made. The scallops caught together permanently. On either side the plain edges of the embroidery are tucked yoke deep to give the necessary fullness. The sleeves are of plain lawn above the cuffs. A little colored slip of silk is worn under the waist and a line of pale green or blue or whatever it may be shows through the openings left where the scallops meet and a tint of it through the material.

Never "One Too Many."
One can never have too many cushions in the summer time and, of course, simple styles are best. A practical pillow cover, cool and fresh looking, was of cadet blue linen, showing a lattice of one inch wide tape two inches apart. This was not sewed down to the denim, but was caught with stitches at each square in a star design with blue cotton. The tape, looped all around, took the place of a

ruffle, though a ruffle of the denim might be the finish if preferred.
A ship in heavy white linen thread outlined on blue denim is effective on a boat as a pillow cover, the edges being crossed with a heavy rope-like cord. Yellow daisies scattered over a background of brown denim is a pretty slip for the cushion of a dull green porch chair, and the cost of either is only a trifle.

Change in Hat Styles.
The rapidly with which one fashion follows another in Paris is illustrated by the almost total disappearance of the little saucer hats perched on one side of the head, or, in fact, anything turned up in too exaggerated a fashion. Among well-dressed women these are now no longer seen. On the contrary, they wear broad, flat shapes with falling lace draperies and graceful, conventional arrangements of plumes. To wear with the redingote or any form of the Directoire garment are high-crowned hats with narrow brims trimmed with tall plumes arranged in a bunch on one side or sometimes draping the crown.

Simple Linen Waist.
Blouse of linen gathered at the top to a little round yoke which is cut in one piece with the center plait, the latter ornamented on one side with buttons. The yoke, plait and little pockets are all finished with two rows of stitching.
The odd sleeves are full at the top and form straps at the elbows, fastened with buttons to the bands, which



trim the tight-fitting lower parts of the sleeves. These bands are also stitched and ornamented with buttons.

Popular Russian Styles.
Russian styles are holding their own and a smart model for a girl of 10 is in black and white mohair, showing an emblem worked in red on the breast and bishop sleeves brought into self cuffs. A black patent leather belt loosely confines the waist and with this frock is worn a white linen Eton collar and a red tie. Turn-back cuffs, tied with red ribbon through button-holed slits, give the finishing touch to a decidedly stylish and pretty frock.

Attractive Walking Costumes



The costume at the left is of grenadine or voile. The bolero, made with plaits at the shoulders, is bordered with a bias band of taffeta of the same shade, and with a plaiting of the same. The waistcoat is of white linen ornamented with buttons and finished with a little embroidered collar. The knot and girdle are of the taffeta and the chemisette is of batiste. The full sleeves are finished at the elbows with trills of batiste and lace and bands and knots of taffeta. The skirt is made with groups of plaits alternating with groups of box plaits and is en-

circled at the bottom with bands and plaitings of taffeta. The other costume is of linen embroidered with braid. The bolero, which crosses slightly in front, is embroidered with the braid and bordered with a little frill of the material or of batiste. The blouse is of batiste and the girdle of silk. The sleeves are finished at the elbows with turnover cuffs of the material embroidered with the braid, and these are finished with trills of batiste and lace. The skirt is trimmed at the bottom with bands of the material and the braid.

LITTLE EXPLOSIONS

Depot Literature.
"There's one good thing about your railroad," said the tourist to the conductor on the Mosquito Bay line.
"What's that?" was the surprised query.
"Your time tables. They don't always get the facts quite right, but they are never sensational."

Not Without Experience.
Graspat (angrily)—"What! More money? If you keep on you'll bankrupt me; then, after I'm dead, you will be a beggar."
Mrs. Graspat (calmly)—"Oh, well, I'd be a great deal better off than some poor woman who never had any experience in that line."

Provoking Mistake.
The caller was angry, and even beligerent.
"I want an explanation and an apology, sir," he said. "In your paper this morning you had an account of the wedding at the Smiths' last night, and you spoke of 'the jay that attended the happy pair as they went to the altar.' Now, sir, I'm the—" "Gracious heaven!" gasped the editor. "I wrote it 'Joy!'"

He Knew Them.
"Woman's inhumanity to woman—" "Yes!"
"Makes man's inhumanity to man look like sweet charity."—Houston Post.

Left.
When she awoke in the middle of the night a burglar was standing at her dresser.
"Leave me!" she screamed.
"That was certainly my intention, madam," he answered politely. "The things I am going to take will be sufficiently burdensome without encumbering myself with an old maid in addition."
She was left again!

Left on the Porch.
Mr. Staylate—My! It's 10 o'clock. However, my train doesn't go till 11:10, and it's very pleasant here on the porch.
Miss Subbubs—I'm glad you like it. Mr. Staylate—Yes, but—er—perhaps I'm keeping you up.
Miss Subbubs—Not at all; I'm going to lock up and go to bed now.

Remarkable Longevity.
"I see that Bimler's father died the other day at the age of 96."
"Yes, a remarkable old man. He never was as happy as when he fancied he was 'doing' somebody."
"But who could he 'do' when he was past 90?"
"The undertaker."

Uncertain.
"What are you doing now, Scribbles?"
"Why, I am just about to start a magazine."
"Under what name?"
"The Age of Woman.' Do you think it will be a success?"
"Well, it is doubtful."

Might Interrupt Her.
"Now," said the salesman, "here's a piece of dress goods that speaks for itself."
"Oh, that would never do," replied Henpeck, who was doing some shopping for his wife. "Maria always likes to do most of the talking herself."

Alphabetic Confusion.
"Is Mr. Scadds a man of scientific distinction?"
"Yes, indeed," answered Miss Cayenne. "He has so many college degrees that when he sends in his card you can't be sure whether it is his name or a problem in algebra."

One Exception.
"No," declared Mr. Nagget, "there never was a woman on earth who could refrain from turning around to rubber at some other woman's clothes."
"No?" replied his wife sweetly. "Didn't you ever hear of Eve?"

Mean Thing.
"My wedding presents were splendid," the bride was saying, "particularly the silver service from the Astorbills. Wasn't it good of them?"
"Yes," replied Miss Speltz; "but then, you know, they always were charitable."

A Consistent Career.
"I can remember when the wealthy Mr. Hiden didn't have a dollar of his own," said the man who disparages.
"Well," answered the misanthrope, "it is said that he is still doing business entirely with other people's dollars."



A Blackmailing Instrument.
The street musician paused at the steps.
"Moosie?"
"No, no. Here's a quarter for you. Move along."
"Thanks, signor. It is such a fine org."
"Fine! It's the worst box of discordant whistles I ever heard of!"
"It is da finest org' Pietro ever own. It plays da tune not so much, but it brings da more mon!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Mean.
Miss Planeyrox—My wedding day is a long way off but I get dreadfully nervous when I think about it.
Miss Kutty—I don't blame you, dear. Fortunes are made so rapidly in these days, you know.
Miss Planeyrox—What has that got to do with it?
Miss Kutty—Why, Jack may get rich suddenly and be in a position to marry the girl he's really in love with.—Detroit Tribune.

Properly Stated.
Mokeley—"Oh! life and death are not far apart. You hear of so many people who pass away suddenly."
Jokeley—"Yes; only the other day I heard of one poor fellow; buried one day and died the next."
Mokeley—"You've got that twisted; you mean 'died one day and buried the next.'"
Jokeley—"No, I don't. This man was an undertaker."

Down on the Farm.
"But I don't see any mosquito netting in my room," said the young man who had just arrived.
"Don't need any," replied the old farmer. "The mosquitoes are so big down here you can just put on a catcher's mask and keep them off. You'll find a mask hanging under the clock."—Chicago News.

Looked Like a Scandal.
Bacon—I saw Babbs out walking with his wife's dressmaker today.
Egbert—Are you sure?
"Positive."
"What did his wife say?"
"Oh, she said a great deal."
"I should think she would! Who is his wife's dressmaker?"
"His wife."

Cause for Thankfulness.
"I ought to be very thankful," said the Billville citizen.
"Why so?"
"Well, only yesterday the sheriff's mule ran away with him and broke his leg just when he was comin' to levy on me!"—Atlanta Constitution.

A Suspicious Agreement.
"I guess your watch is wrong."
"What! My watch doesn't vary a quarter of a minute."
"Well, I don't know how much it's out of the way, but your time is too blamed near mine to be right."

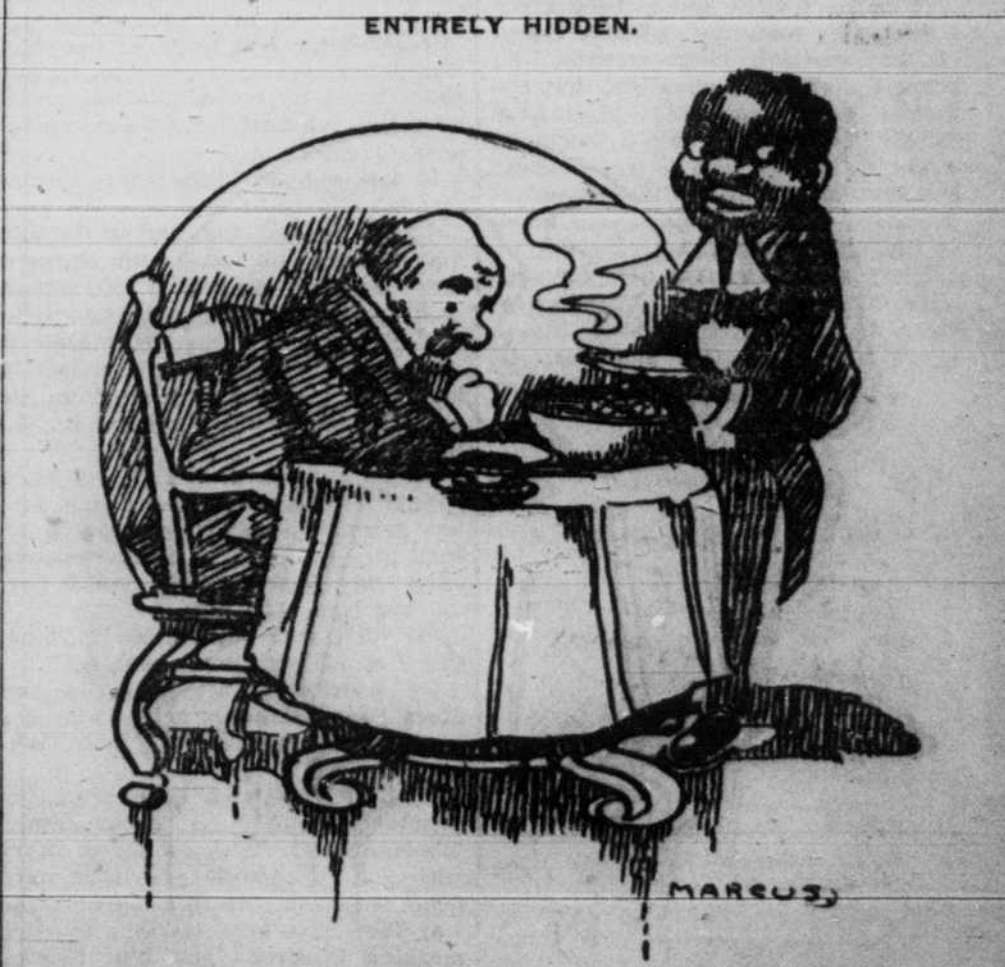
Before the Ceremony.
Rural Groom—Sue an' I can't see no reason why we shouldn't get along when we're married.
The Magistrate—Well, I just marry folks and don't express any opinions.

"Than Norman Blood."
Mrs. Van der Hamm—Percy, you musn't play with that common Maloney boy any more.
Percy—Why not, mamma?
Mrs. Van der H.—Because he's no body. Why, he hasn't even a grand-father.
Percy—Maybe not, but he's got a goat.

Most Surprising.
"I've got something to say to you, Miss Knox," began Sapwit, who had finally summoned up courage to propose. "that—aw—may surprise you. I think—"
"You do? That certainly does surprise me!" interrupted the cruel girl.

The Sea Jests.
"Those ships are polite creatures," remarked Old Ocean to his friend, the Beach.
"Indeed?" answered the sandy one.
"Yes, indeed. They always bow to me."

Might Be Worth Trying.
May—That hat makes you look quite pretty.
Irene—Yes? Won't you try it on?
—Stray Stories.



Mr. Eatem—Waiter! Where is the pork that goes with the beans?
Waiter—Behind one ob de beans, sah!

An Analytical Mind.
"I see that th' government has bought thirty-eight tons of insect powder to send to th' Panyma canal."
"What do you s'pose that's fer, Amzi?"
"I s'pose it's fer insects, Sairy."

Physician, Heal Thyself.
"Yes, I should think most of his patients would be right here in town."
"So they are, but he has to stay in the White mountains until—er—after the ragweed and goldenrod disappear."

Is This Perjury?
She—Under the new California marriage certificate law, the young couple must swear that they are not insane.
He—And yet, no doubt, both of the parties are crazy to get married.

Ready to Fall in Love.
Mercy—I should never marry a man I did not love.
Maude—But suppose a real wealthy man should propose?
Mercy—I should love him, of course.